

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 26.

WHAT HAS MADE THE STEIFF PIANO?

Superior quality of tone.
Touch and workmanship.
Instantaneous repeating action.
Evenness of scale.
Fineness of finish.
Fifty years of honest dealing.

Catalogue for the askance. Terms accommodating.

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SPECIAL DISPLAY OF—

HATS and BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

We have engaged the services of Miss Grace Greenwood, an experienced Baltimore milliner.

MRS. W. R. HART,
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HUDSON'S ENGLISH KITCHEN.

347 Main st., Norfolk, Va.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining—
ROOM. ALL MEALS 25 CENTS.
SURPASSING COFFEE A SPECIALTY

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The Best of Everything in Season
Oct 10 ly.

Old Jacob Grovers

Selected and Private Stock Rye Whiskey, of the Purest Distillation, and is Recommended to all who use or Require a Stimulant of Reliable quality.

DAVENPORT MORRIS & CO.,
Sole agents for the Distiller,
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MR. W. D. SMITH, at Weldon, N. C.
is the sole distributing agent at that point, for the above old and Celebrated Whiskey.

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Lyman Brothers,

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Dealers in—

High Grade Pianos,

Organs, Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos,
Violins, Music and Music Boxes,
and everything known to the music trade.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

We have the most complete department of this character in Southside Va., and can do any work with promptness, and accuracy and guarantee satisfaction. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue.

LYMAN BROS.,
Aug 11 ly Petersburg, Va.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY,

is a SPECIALIST and AUTHORITY on all

Chronic Diseases,

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail. Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

PROF. JAS. HARVEY,
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M. C. ULLMAN & DANIEL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

The Old And The New.

GIRLHOOD OF YESTERDAY.

OLD FASHIONED VIRTUES WE MIGHT WELL WISH REVIVED.

Arabella is safely shut away in an old daguerrotype, and there is nothing left to her memory but a few dead rose leaves and the fading dreams in the hearts of the old, says the Woman's Home Companion. But we should offer to her memory a tribute of praise for certain "sweet endearing young charms" which are almost lost arts at the threshold of the twentieth century. True, Arabella was a pale, faint star in the brilliant light of the new girl, and yet, looking into that old daguerrotype (in just the right line of vision), one sees some sweet, old-fashioned propensities which have been banished to the obsecurae and dust of age, but which even the proud new girl would do well to adopt. If it is old-fashioned to be modest, then it is grand, good old fashion, and we need to dig it up out of the past and give it a genuine nineteenth-century "boom." Old-fashioned gowns, old songs, old plays, are born again after years of burial, and delight new generations. Happy if some old-fashioned virtues long abandoned and forgotten might be resurrected and become the rage! After the cheap jesses and shreds and mannerisms of society a pure, frank, unspoiled manner is like sunshine on the waters of a brook after the yellow glare of gaslight. Arabella was wont to sit in a state of sweet receptivity and absorb the eloquence of man, which, though perhaps inglorious, was at least restful. Therefore she had that pearl of all manners—repose. The new girl, on the contrary, is all the time making a palpable effort to sustain her reputation for brilliancy. Now, the conscious effort to be continuously witty and entertaining may be as trying to the nerves as those deadly poisons which occur between ideas (and which unquestionably occurred pretty frequently between the ideas of our lost Arabella). The girl who is determined at all hazards to fill up silence, and takes that task wholly upon herself is sure to become exhausted, and exhausting. Isn't the new girl, by demonstrating her power to do anything, in danger of having everything thrust upon her?

—Ha—If I stole fifty kisses from you, what kind of larceny would it be? She—"I should call it grand."

Words Of Love.

TELL IT NOW.

DO NOT WAIT UNTIL AFTER YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD TO PRAISE HIM MANY GOOD QUALITIES.


A correspondent in the Home and Farm writes a very touching and sensible article on waiting until our friends are dead to praise them. Read it, it will doubtless remind you of something you have neglected.

I often wonder why it is we are so envious and selfish of the love God has given us for our fellowmen; if we have friends worth loving why not tell them we love them? I love you, coming from the candid lips of a friend, helps us wonderfully to bear the burdens of life which at times are very hard to bear.

There is a skeleton in every home, a burden on every heart. A lost child, father, mother, lover, husband, that or the best way. And perhaps our words of love and praise would make this old earth happier, the sun shine brighter, the flowers bloom more sweetly.

If we will only look around us we will see there is not a person we meet out there is something lovable about—a smile, a motion, a feature, voice, walk, act. All have some good trait. If they have a sweet voice, tell them you think so, and it will make them happier and join you a friend. If they have some feature you admire, or act or motion, tell them and they will set you far better. Do you know that is the true way of gaining friends, tell them their good traits and leave the bad for them to find out? If we hear a singer and love the voice, tell her, and every song will be sweeter because of a loved one. If any one has a pretty feature, tell her, for there are many unhappy and sensitive about their looks. If anyone has a pretty walk or motion, say so. It has us to be told of any ugly feature, act or motion, but to be told there is something nice, pleasant or good about us, raises us in our own esteem and inspires us to try to be more perfect. It is not the crutch that hurts. It is the cruel, willful, malicious tongue of envy and jealousy that hurts. There are men and women—we all know them—who are living lives of complete sacrifices for others, and never hear one word of love or praise for anything they do. When they die people will boast and extol their meritorious with words of love and praise. Shame! I say. While living is the time to bestow your love. Don't wait until the loving heart has ceased its beating and the tired feet are still to tell them you love them. What can they know of your words of love and praise, tears of grief? Give me all the love you have for me while I'm living; it will help us to bear the weary burdens that come on so thick and fast. In the home more especially is this true. The poor old wife is the backbone. Without one loving word, she toils day by day, raises the little children, cares for the sick, until it seems as if the delicate form could bear no more. Never comes a word of praise for trying to do her best. Yet there comes a day when the feet go no more in the home, the voice is still, there is a deep solemnity all over the place. Something is gone. What is it? I might say your backbone—yet I'll use the name that should be sweetest, "Darling Mother" has gone. Life is bleak, my love, my life, has left me! Ah, me! home will never be what it has been; mother and wife has left us! If you could only say also, "I never gave her anything but loving words of praise and encouragement. I lifted every burden I could from the slight shoulders." Instead you generally hawl with grief because your wife has gone, and there is no one to pack all the hard work on, or send for everyone's faults. May God forgive you! I'd be ashamed to look on that dear sweet dead face! Our lives are made up of little things. We may not be able to write a book, poem, song or speak a speech, yet we can cheer those trying to do their duty, thereby helping them and rounding out our own life, growing better and more like that dear Savior. Then let us never miss an opportunity of speaking a word of love, or praise for or to anyone in this life.

Uncle Eph's Aphorisms.



Sometimes de poorest oak tree has de biggest hollow in it.
An' taint no sign er honey kase yer see er bees each 'n'it.
De mookin' bird can't show no plumes but sings de sweetest song.
An' taint no sign er ignorance kase de rabbit's tail ain't long.
De bull'ing holler loudest when de summer's moon ain't bright.
For when de clouds come flatin' pas' he's mostly outen sight.
It sho' don't mean religion when yer hear er nigge' squall.
Kase er gal'on jug er whiskey mount he hid bein' de wall.
Dar's a mou'ny heap er sadness in de moanin' er de dove.
But dey ain't no sick fo'ks 'dyin' kase she's coo'd to her love.
Whar de ram make am sleepin' de grass am sweet and green.

An' when de rain-crow flatters 'round de clouds ain't alius seen.
Da's er peevish what yer hears er bout whar'er he hab bin,
But he ain't no lady's lap dog kase he totes er puty 's'oin.
Sim nobs gi' a de sweetest when de froe' begin ter drag.
An' de bally boy what sweats de nos' lays by de biggest crap.
De right'ing bag can't sparkle when de sun beg'a ter shine.
An' de biggest. I'd er miles grows on de bluest vine.
De ole mud-out, what hugs de bank, is de hardest fish ter fin'.
It's de miners in de middle what has de happiest 'in'.
De rac-coon ain't gwine senter down de same road eb'ry night.
An' when de dog beg'a ter bark he's mostly outen sight.
But de possum skis de simon tree ay stay in de crotch.
Twill de hoco' dog ter erlog his trail on run him twill he's ketch.
It's not de you'gest squit'ill goes ter sleep upon de lim'.
But de one dat knows de sille wasn't never made for him.
De clapper in de Bible says ter watch as well as pray,
Or ole Satan'll come er seac'ly' roun' ter grab yer in so me day.
Dar's lots an' cords er larri' in dese varmint er de lea'.
Dey jes' de same er white fo'ks—dey kin teach er nigge' men.

—Alfred C. Newell in the Atlanta Constitution.

Your Local Paper.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR YOU.

AND, AS TO WHAT YOU MIGHT DO IN RETURN, HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN THAT A PASS-NO THOUGHT?—AN EDITOR'S INTERESTING REVIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

The paper has done 20 things for you and is only anxious to do 50 more.

It told your friends when your parents were married.

It announced to the world when you were born.

It recorded the great events of your childhood, when you were lost as a wandering boy, when you had the measles and scarlet fever, when you fell into the wash tub and nearly drowned, when you fell from the cherry tree and broke your collar bone, when you first started to school and when you earned your first penny.

Later on it told how you had completed the studies of the district school and how eloquently you recited your graduation oration.

It told of your entering high school or academy. It told of your contests in baseball and tennis. It told of your departure for college or your first venture in business.

It told of your various visits back to the old home neighborhood, and it always wished you well in your greatest undertakings.

It hinted modestly about the first time you went a courting and gave timely warning to "her folks" that the neighbors knew that in ten years were growing interesting over their way.

It announced the time of your expected wedding, and it published the notice of the marriage license and gave you a nice puff concerning the wedding ceremony.

It told of your extended honeymoon tour and of your settling down to housekeeping.

When you were sick, the home paper week by week informed your more distant neighbors of your lapses and improvements.

It told about your lost cow and led to her recovery. It told how your horse had been stolen and led to the arrest of the thief.

When you were getting dull and tired through the monotony of your labor, the paper urged that the people get up a celebration, and you were named as one of a suitable committee on arrangements. And when it was all over, it gave you just praise for the success of the undertaking.

In numerous ways the paper has helped to put your name before the people. And you would never have had your lucrative office or your honorable recognition from the community but for the kind aid of the local printer.

If you are a member of a Sunday school or society of any sort, that same paper publishes your announcements and the various proceedings of your meetings.

It tells the people much which you would like to have known, but which modesty or necessity prevents you from telling.

If you and your folks have been prosperous and fortunate in your affairs, the

Love Making.

CONDITIONS ENTIRELY NEW

MODERN COURTSHIP IS CARRIED ON IN A MORE PRACTICAL WAY THAN IN FORMER DAYS.

"In the past, when a young man went a-courting he went dressed in his best, wearing not only his company clothes, but his company manners. The girls, on the other hand, were powdered and crimped out of all everyday knowing, and didn't find out a bit more about each other's real selves than if one had been in the Klondike and the other on the equator. Neither was consciously trying to deceive the other, but all the same, after they were married, there were many cruel disillusionments.

"To the new fad for athletes for women we owe a change. The girl who goes out a-wheeling with her beau, and takes the rain and sun and dust and wind and air may not be a divinity to him like the parlor maiden, but she is a human girl and he has a chance to know her and judge her on that basis. If she still appears beautiful to him and he is still in love with her she has nothing to fear from fading good looks, or wearing curl papers and wrappers to breakfast; while if she still appears heroic to her in kiuickerbock and with sunburnt nose she may rest satisfied that her love is founded on a rock that nothing can shake.

"Aside from this view of the subject, it is the far more important one of character. A woman's parlor views of life may be merely theories that she lacks the strength and courage to put into actual practice, and hence utterly worthless. The real way to know a woman is to go on an outing with her. If she can be cheerful in the face of difficulties, and can make allowances for mistakes and failures, if she can accept a substitute for the thing she wants with a good grace, then, indeed, she is of the kind and quality that will make her companionship a lifelong pleasure and benefit. "The woman, on her part, has seen him often enough to study a man. She gets him off guard, when he is no longer trying to be a Prince Charming. It is one thing to spring to pick up a lady's handkerchief in a parlor. It is another to stay his pulse all day to keep near a woman who is a poor rider. That is the real chivalry a woman may trust to protect her in the days of sickness and misfortune, and would be patient and forbearing with her weaknesses."—New Orleans Picayune.

Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrated Sarsaparilla is the Best Blood Medicine Known.

It will cure the worst cases of Blood and Skin Diseases. It will cure Rheumatism, making the Blood pure and healthy, and causing the sinews and muscles to perform their work easily and without pain. It cures Eczema, Old Sores, Pimples, Blisters and all skin diseases.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, N. C.

DEMANDS OF POLITENESS.

Large-hearted Host—Have some more carrots, Johnny?

Visiting Boy—No, thank you. I don't like carrots.

Large-hearted Host—Why, you ate all I gave you.

Visiting Boy—That was because I don't want to hurt your feelings. I'd rather have some of that pie.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of tetter, scab rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching pimples, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

WOULDN'T UNLIVE YEARS.

Nothing can make us so lively the happy golden years when we walked side by side with those who are now in their graves. Nay, if we could have looked forward, would we have refused our marriage vows because in the course of years one would be taken and the other left? Would we have preferred to go through the world childless, because the sadness of a little grave may for a moment seem worse than the sadness of an empty nursery? Would we have no joys in life lest happily we lose them? Shall we refuse to be loved, because in front of us is the tomb? No, no! The heart says no. The reason says no. The conscience says no.—Bishop Thorold.

One little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee, and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. Bays, Pastor Christian Church, Neosho, Kan.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

THE DREADED CONSUMPTION

T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will Send Free, to the Afflicted, Three Bottles of Newly Discovered Remedy to Cure Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl Street, New York City. Confident that he has discovered an absolute cure for consumption and pulmonary complaints, and to make its great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles of medicine, to any sufferer of the Hoanoke News who is suffering from chest, bronchial, throat and lung troubles or consumption.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases. The doctor considers it his duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

Offered freely, is enough to commend it, and more so in the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the proposition. He has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt. There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous invitation. He has on file in his American and European laboratories testimonials of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Address T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine Street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please give express and postage address and mention reading this article in the Roanoke News.

THE OLD RUTS.

"Don't you want to leave footprints on the sands of time?" asked the mentor.

"No," answered the young man, who is ambitious, but lazy. "I'd rather leave erriage ruts."

3 DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is the best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Incination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Incination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists.

W. W. KAY,

Dealer in—

Liquors, Wines,

GROCERIES AND CIGARS.

Why not call on W. W. Kay, as he is open both night and day. Keep the following brands of well known whiskies:

"Old Oscar Pepper,"
Gump's G. P. R. Rye,
Stamp Straight,"
"Gordon Baltimore Rye" and other brands.

I sell Garrett & Co.'s pure Choctaw-yotte wines.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Polite attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Station.
my 2 ly.

J. L. JUDKINS,

Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in Fine—

Staple Groceries,

and
Fancy Groceries,

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES,

Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willowware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.

J. L. JUDKINS,
No. 23 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C.
Dec 11 ly.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest enemies to health of the present day.

MAKING FRIENDS.

"Did you learn the mysterious beauty's address?"
"Yes, she slipped her card into my hand."
"What's her name?"
"Here's the card. 'Della Mugg, face massager.'"

Monuments.

Gravestones.

Our illustrated catalogue, No. 10 which we mail free, contains a variety of marble and granite monuments, and will help you in making a proper selection. Write for it. We will satisfy you as to prices.

LARGEST STOCK in the South
THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,
(Established Fifty Years.)
159 to 165 Bank st., Norfolk Va
Nov 2 ly.

Heavy and Fancy Groceries

Queensware, Cutlery, Plows, Plow Castings, Hoes, Forks.

—RECEIVER AND SHIPPER OF—
Corn, Hay & Oats

Aug 1 ly

Southern Railway.

The Standard Railway of the SOUTH.
THE DIRECT LINE TO ALL PORTS Texas, California, Florida, Cuba and Porto Rico.

Strictly first class equipments on all through and local trains; Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on all night trains; fast and safe schedules.

Travel by the Southern and you are assured a safe, comfortable and expeditious journey.

Apply to ticket agents for time tables, rates and general information, or address R. L. VEINON, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C. F. R. DABBY, C. P. & T. A., Asheville, N. C. No trouble to answer questions.

FRANK S. GANNON, J. M. CULP, 3d V. P. & G. M., Traf. Man. W. A. TURK, G. P. A., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Heaven will be full of surprises. It will be one of the joys, those constant surprises, as the friendships of earth are renewed, and as we enter into new and larger and sweeter fellowships with those overshadowed in memory, whose names are our household words. I have no doubt that all the avenues of knowledge which we have here on earth will be ours in heaven. There will be eyes to see, ears to hear; there will be hands that can clasp lips that can speak. The friendships of heaven constitute one of its noblest attractions; and these are to be perpetual, constantly uplifting and ennobling.—A. J. F. Behrends, D. D.

—Welcome Back—She—"Are you one of our Seventy-first heroes?" He—"No, I ain't no hero, I'm a regular."